

THE CHILDREN OF MOUNT DECEPTION

Season One

Episode One - The Intern

Thriller/Crime
Breaking Bad/Law & Order SVU

Logline:

A rookie FBI agent and police intern discover a vast international sex trafficking conspiracy of "off the grid" children, born into slavery.

TEASER

EXT. PACIFIC HIGHWAY SOUTH PARKING LOT - EVENING

JENNIFER STYLES, 16 years, holds her head low, shielding her eyes from the icy rain of late Autumn.

She lifts her jacket collar over her head, as traffic stabs by through the low hanging fog.

SUPER:

SEATTLE, 1991

Jennifer runs under the awning of a laundromat, desperate for shelter. She looks across the parking lot and notices a MAN sitting in a 70s FORD TRUCK watching her. His face is obscured by the rain on the windshield.

She rummages through her purse, taking care to pass a smiling glance to her stalker in an attempt at a faux flirtation and an easy trick.

She pulls out a pack of wet smokes, shaking the box and revealing a dry one.

CUT TO:

MAN'S POV - The rain falls against the windshield distorting his view. He runs the wipers and beckons her over.

Jennifer sees the man, slips her cigarette underneath her denim jacket and runs over to the passenger window.

JENNIFER

You lookin' to party?

The man reaches over and pops the door lock.

Jennifer opens the passenger door fully with a loud SQUEAK and POP and climbs inside the truck.

EXT. SOUTHBOUND PACIFIC HIGHWAY SOUTH - NIGHT

The man gives Jennifer an occasional glance as the windshield wipers struggle to keep up in the heavy rain.

JENNIFER

You live around here?

The man nods a smile and breaks the silence.

THE MAN
What's your name, beautiful?

JENNIFER
Misty. Why, you a cop?

The man smiles.

THE MAN
You got kids?

JENNIFER
No.

Jennifer squirms in her seat, clearly not comfortable with the questions.

THE MAN
Why not?

JENNIFER
Because I can't.

Jennifer is irritated with the line of questions.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
I don't wanna talk about it.
(beat)
We gonna fuck or what?

THE MAN
Why can't you have kids?

JENNIFER
Okay, I'm guessin' you don't wanna screw. So, can you let me out?

POW! The man's fist crashes into the side of Jennifer's head pushing her skull to the passenger side window; nearly breaking it. She winces for another blow.

THE MAN
Answer my question!

JENNIFER
(crying)
I don't know! My mom says I just can't.

He turns his attention back towards the traffic. Twisting his fists on the steering wheel. Jennifer looks forward with tearful eyes. The man looks as if in a trance and babbling to himself.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 (sobbing)
 Can you please let me out?
 (looking around)
 Please?

The man reaches down next to his seat. The unmistakable CLANG of a tire iron startles Jennifer in her seat. She begins to cry and looks away; resigning herself to her own death.

THE MAN
 Shut up.

Jennifer breaks into a sob.

Suddenly, the man reaches over with one hand and frantically begins slamming Jennifer's face into the dashboard.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 Shut up, shut up, shut up!
 (punching)
 God damn it!

The man turns hard and pulls into an abandoned parking lot.

The man slams on the breaks and hits the automatic locks.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 Get out. Now!

Shaking and bleeding, Jennifer reaches for the door handle and falls out of the truck. The truck's wheels spin, spraying her with crumbling asphalt.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC HIGHWAY SOUTH NORTHBOUND - NIGHT

In the darkness, Jennifer stands up and starts to walk.

Minutes later and still sobbing, she sees a POLICE CAR pass and its BRAKE LIGHTS engage. Casting a red glow over the highway. The cruiser takes a wide U turn and slowly heads toward Jennifer.

She is instantly bathed in headlights. Jennifer puts her hand up to block the glare.

JENNIFER
 (raspy voice)
 Help.

The ROAR of the POLICE CAR'S powerful engine fills the night. SLAM! The cruiser ploughs into Jennifer! Shattering both femurs instantly as her upper body is thrown onto the hood of the car.

The driver slams on the breaks and Jennifer's body is propelled down the forested embankment. Motionless.

The police interceptor rolls to a gravel popping stop. The driver's door opens and a faceless officer steps out holding a long flashlight.

CLICK. A flash light beam cuts through the drizzle of the night air. Searching the tree line, the beam falls upon the mangled body of Jennifer Styles.

The cop's beam glances left and right revealing the muddy and unstable slope.

THE DEPUTY

Fuck it.

The officer gets back into the interceptor and speeds away.

CLOSE IN: Body of Jennifer, droplets of rain rolling down her cheek.

Without warning, her body draws in a massive breath that fills her lungs. Jennifer coughs, vomits and opens her eyes.

ACT I

EXT. SEATTLE STREET - MORNING

BRANDON J ACKERMAN, an athletic, 21-year-old college senior, steps off the METRO BUS onto a rain soaked city street bustling with commuters.

Shielding his head from the rain, Brandon walks towards the revolving door of Seattle City Hall, bumping a few commuters along the way.

INT. SEATTLE CITY HALL - MORNING

The CHIRPING SOUNDS of METAL DETECTORS echo in the marble foyer of City Hall. Brandon stops to take in the scene and is bumped from behind by a city worker late for their morning shift.

SECURITY GUARD

Let's go. Bag on the belt.

Brandon slings his backpack onto the belt and steps through the metal detector. Brandon watches the steady stream of cops to his right, bypassing the security line.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Hello? Your bag.

Brandon grabs his bag off the belt and follows the line of cops towards the back of the hall.

INT. SEATTLE MAJOR CRIMES RECEPTION - MORNING

Brandon opens the heavy door of the Seattle Police Major Crimes Section and approaches the desk behind bullet-proof glass.

RECEPTIONIST

(annoyed)

Can I help you?

BRANDON

Yes, I'm here for my internship with the Homicide Desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Name?

BRANDON
Brandon Ackerman. I spoke with...

RECEPTIONIST
Stand by.

The door buzzes and Brandon turns towards it, but stops short. DETECTIVE MARK GUNDERSON, early 40s in a cheap suit, grabs the handle and glances at Brandon in recognition.

DETECTIVE GUNDERSON
You Ackerman's kid?

Brandon looks around then nods with a puzzled expression. The detective looks at the receptionist in approval then turns back to Brandon.

DETECTIVE GUNDERSON (CONT'D)
Intern, right?

Brandon nods again. The detective pulls the door open wider and beckons him in.

DETECTIVE GUNDERSON (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Where's my coffee?

Brandon collects up his bag and squeezes through the metal door. Holding the door, Gunderson watches Brandon pass, and winks at the receptionist.

INT. SEATTLE MAJOR CRIMES HALLWAY - MORNING

Brandon and Gunderson walk the white-washed halls of Seattle Major Crimes getting the grand tour.

DETECTIVE GUNDERSON
Your dad still giving lectures?

BRANDON
No, he's doing his cancer treatments in Portland now.

DETECTIVE GUNDERSON
I heard about that. I'm sorry.
(beat)
How's his book coming along?

BRANDON
(suppressed chuckle)
Good. I think. He doesn't talk about it much.

DETECTIVE GUNDERSON
Oh. Well you tell your old man
we're pulling for him. Okay?

INT. COLD CASE STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Detective Gunderson unlocks and opens the door. Brandon looks in as Gunderson flips on the light. The room is filled with floor-to-ceiling rows of three-ring binders marked with white labels on the spines. A 90s paper shedder is the only evidence of technology in the dusty room.

DETECTIVE GUNDERSON
So, I guess you'll be in here.

Gunderson gives Brandon a quick tour.

BRANDON
Where do I work?

DETECTIVE GUNDERSON
I don't know. This is the Cold Case
Storage Room. There's never been a
desk in here before. We could
probably move one in here.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA
I see you found the locker.

Both men turn around to see DETECTIVE JUAN MENDOZA, a mid-40s, well-dressed, slender man with salt-and-pepper hair and bloodshot eyes standing in the doorway.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA (CONT'D)
Thanks. I can take over from here.

Brandon watches Gunderson leave and turns to Mendoza who meets his gaze.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA (CONT'D)
So, you're Jimmy Ackerman's son?
How's he doing?

BRANDON
(looking around)
He's a fighter.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA
That's what I hear.

Mendoza watches Brandon scan the cold case locker with the expression of an analyst looking for an angle.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA (CONT'D)
It's not glorious, but it's
important to a lot of families.

BRANDON
Families?

They start to walk down the aisles as Mendoza drags his
fingers along the shelves.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA
Families need closure and that is
what this room represents.

Both continue to look at the volumes of stacked binders.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA (CONT'D)
We keep the cases open until the
last next of kin dies, then we scan
and digitally store the dead cases
on digits.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA (CONT'D)
That's your job. Find the last
known next of kin then scan and
shred. The less we have to
transport to the new justice center
the better.

BRANDON
That's it?

DETECTIVE MENDOZA
That's it.

BRANDON
OK. My dad said that I would go out
on call outs, scenes, you know,
stuff like that.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA
(expressionless)
I get your dad is who he is, but
you're the intern. Start with that.

Brandon stands motionless looking Mendoza up and down as
Mendoza closes on Brandon's personal space.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA (CONT'D)
Special Crimes is right down the
hall bro. Go pester the fuck outta
them if you don't like it.

Brandon looks away.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA (CONT'D)
Your desk will be the empty one
next to the water fountain. Just
keep to yourself and don't chat it
up. Nobody cares.

Brandon looks at Mendoza and shifts his weight.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA (CONT'D)
Start with the older ones here.

Mendoza reaches over and points to the far left shelf.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA (CONT'D)
Attach a narrative sheet to the
inside cover and document what you
did. I need to approve before it
gets scanned and shredded.
Questions?

Brandon shakes his head in obvious disappointment.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA (CONT'D)
Good. You're done at five. If I'm
not around, leave me a note of what
you did on my desk.

Mendoza heads for the locker door.

DETECTIVE MENDOZA (CONT'D)
Oh, one more thing. NOTHING leaves
this room. You understand? No
copies, no pics, nothing. Got it?

Brandon stands in the cold case records locker. Alone.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

A CREEK, dotted with stones and fallen trees, babbles by in
early twilight. Birds sing and bathe in the mountain water.

SPLASH! A girl's muddy white sneaker crashes through the
pristine creek.

ELIZA, a 16-year-old girl with tangled long blonde hair in a
white sleeping dress, splashes through the creek. Frantic and
staggering. Dirt coats her face and mud splatters her gown.

Dogs bark in the far distance. Eliza turns towards the sound.
She starts again through the woods, pushing back tree
branches and jumping tangle foot.

IMAGE: LITTLE GIRL RUNNING UNDER TALL TREES (LIKE JAIL BARS) WITH LAYER OF FOG.

Eliza stops to rest against a tree. Sound of cars pass in the distance. Eliza runs through the dark forest towards the sound.

Instantly, the ground beneath Eliza is gone. She falls down a steep cliff and lands head first onto the asphalt highway below.

SCREECH!

A FORD SEDAN skids to a sliding stop. Its headlights light up the body of Eliza. Tires come within inches of her limp body.

INT. NATIONAL CENTER FOR MISSING AND EXPLOITED CHILDREN (NCMEC), TUSTIN, CALIFORNIA - GYM - DAY

Agent REBECCA M. GRAYSON is a 26-year-old rookie of the FBI's Center for Missing and Exploited Children. She is a woman with shoulder-length hair and an athletic frame. Confident.

Rebecca walks out of the office gym, drinking from her water bottle. Her eyes follow several "Missing Child" posters along the wall. MICHAEL SPEARS, a 31-year-old veteran FBI agent in street clothes, meets her in the hall.

MICHAEL

Becca!
(shouting)

REBECCA

Oh, there you are. Hey, what happened to racket ball?

MICHAEL

I forgot my stuff.
(smiling)
Hey, you're on call-out this week right?

REBECCA

Yeah. What's up?

Michael takes a sip of Rebecca's water bottle, then hands it back.

MICHAEL

There's a no-ID vic in Washington State. That's you big girl.

REBECCA

Where?

MICHAEL

Outside of Forks, Washington. They found her on a road.

Rebecca watches Michael turn and walk back the way he came.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Be in Ted's office in an hour. He'll give you the skinny.

Michael continues down the hallway and Rebecca yells back.

REBECCA

You ever gonna get off your fat ass and play again?

MICHAEL

(yelling back)

Sure! Whenever you give that shirt back to the 90s, I'll play!

INT. TED'S OFFICE (NCMEC) - DAY

SPECIAL AGENT TED PETERSON, 50s balding thin man is tending to his pin board when Rebecca and Michael knock on the door.

TED

Hey guys, come on in. Have a seat.

Rebecca and Michael both sit, while Ted comes around the desk.

TED (CONT'D)

Becca, you still headed to Seattle?

REBECCA

Yep, bags packed and all.

TED

Good. I need you to take a slight detour to Forks and follow up on a tip we got from the local hospital there.

Rebecca glances at Michael.

TED (CONT'D)

Two nights ago, a local couple driving home nearly ran over a girl running out of the woods.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

The hospital thinks she may be a runaway, but they can't ID her.

Ted hands over the TIP SHEET to Rebecca.

MICHAEL

OK. So, why are we getting the call? Sounds like a local thing to me.

Rebecca reads the tip sheet.

TED

The nurses there think the local PD isn't doing enough. They just want someone to drop by and take a look. So, I figured you're already there.

Rebecca turns back to Michael.

REBECCA

You're not going?

TED

I've asked Michael to stay behind and keep working on the Russian mob thing.

Michael leans toward Rebecca.

MICHAEL

You got this. It's just a follow-up.

Rebecca hands the tip sheet to Michael and turns back to Ted.

TED

Get with Tony and have him change your flight.

Rebecca and Michael stand up as Ted hands a very thin case file to Rebecca. Both turn to walk out.

TED (CONT'D)

Oh, Becca, can you hang back for just a bit?

Michael nods to Rebecca and closes the door behind him.

TED (CONT'D)

I need you to do me a favor and keep this one the DL. OK? But keep in constant contact with Michael.

Rebecca looks at Ted. Perplexed.

TED (CONT'D)

If I send you both, it becomes a call out and the last thing we want to do is piss off the locals. But, if it IS something, then at least we have a dog in the fight.

REBECCA

OK, who's my back up?

TED

The satellite office in Seattle is the closest one. They got guys there who know the land, and staters are all over there too.

Rebecca takes a deep breath and opens the thin file.

TED (CONT'D)

I know this is weird for your first solo run, but just remember, don't take shit from nobody, and be careful.

REBECCA

(smiling)

Now Ted, Is this a woman thing?

TED

No. It's a lone agent out in the middle of god damn nowhere thing.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. FERRY - MORNING

Rebecca Grayson stands on the windy front bow of a typical Seattle ferry headed towards a wooded shore and small dock.

A little girl is playing on the passenger bow. She bumps into Rebecca's legs, not paying attention. The girl's father runs over and grabs the girl by the shoulder.

FATHER

Sorry.

REBECCA

No, it's okay. My fault.

The father admonishes the girl and walks back inside. Rebecca watches.

She turns back to see the dark, foggy woods and tall mountain peaks approach.

INT. OLYMPIC MEDICAL CENTER ER - AFTERNOON

Rebecca Grayson walks down a hospital hall. She consults with a passing nurse who points the way to Eliza's room.

Rebecca enters a hospital room where ELIZA lies asleep in a hospital bed. Two POLICE OFFICERS stand in the room, talking with the nurse.

SHERIFF BILLIS, mid-50s with his gun belt barely peeking from behind his gut, glances at Rebecca. Annoyed. DEPUTY JAMES is in his mid-20s, thin and more wide-eyed.

SHERIFF BILLIS

You from the missing center?

REBECCA

Agent Rebecca Grayson from the FBI.

Rebecca extends her hand. Billis does not take it. Deputy James quickly meets hers. Her gaze remains with Billis.

SHERIFF BILLIS

What can I do ya for miss?

REBECCA

The Center for Missing and Exploited Children was contacted to assist in your investigation.

SHERIFF BILLIS

(looks back to front)

Looks like she ain't missing now is she.

REBECCA

Yeah, well it's the exploited part that brings me here.

DEPUTY JAMES

We don't know who she is and we can't get her to speak.

Deputy James leads Rebecca away from the Billis and towards Eliza.

DEPUTY JAMES (CONT'D)

She got a pretty good head injury from a fall, according to the folks that brought her in.

REBECCA

Did they do an MRI?

DEPUTY JAMES

Yeah, a pretty good concussion is all. The hospital wants to send her to Harborview.

REBECCA

What's her name?

Deputy James pulls Rebecca to the side and talks in a lower voice. Billis turns back to speak with the nurse.

DEPUTY JAMES

That's the thing, we have nothing on record for her. No prints, DNA school records. We have no idea who she is. It's like she just dropped outta the sky. Literally.

REBECCA

No missing reports or parents come forward?

Rebecca walks over to Eliza's bedside.

DEPUTY JAMES

Not locally. We are running her
face through NCIC but we're still
waiting in line.

Sheriff Billis looks over with contempt at the two of them
chatting. James notices and cuts his chatter.

Rebecca moves to the bedside and touches the girl's shoulder
softly.

REBECCA

Hello. My name is Rebecca.
what's...

Suddenly, Eliza sits upright and gasps for air. Eyes wide
open as if looking at something. She comes to and looks
around, scared. Rebecca tries to hold her as the nurses move
towards the bed. The other nurse preps a needle.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(to nurse)

No, no please. I need to talk to
her.

(to Eliza)

What is your name?

Eliza looks at Rebecca for a long beat studying her face.

ELIZA

Ee..liza?

Rebecca looks at the nurse in surprise then turns back.

Billis shoots daggers with his eyes at Rebecca.

REBECCA

Eliza? Is your name Eliza?

Eliza turns to look at Rebecca as the room turns their
attention to the scene.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Where are you from? What's your
last name?

Rebecca pulls back Eliza's matted brown hair behind her ear
and notices two small, mechanical ELECTRICAL BURNS on the
side of her head. Rebecca glances back at the nurse, then to
the deputies.

Eliza's eyes well up with tears. She slowly pushes away
Rebecca's hands from her head. Eliza pulls the sheets off her
bed and slowly moves to get out.

The nurse holds her shoulders back towards the bed. Eliza struggles. Another nurse and Rebecca hold her down. Eliza screams and tries to escape.

SHERIFF BILLIS

No more! We're not having this.
Nurse!

Just then the needle nurse advances and injects the IV in Eliza's arm while the other lays her down.

REBECCA

God damn it! We need her to talk.
Why am I having to do this?

SHERIFF BILLIS

Lady, this is a local matter. As far as I can tell, there is no crime.

REBECCA

No crime? Are you fucking kidding?

SHERIFF BILLIS

Mind your tone, little lady. Until I get a writ or something, this one's mine.

Sheriff Billis looks to the nurse and gives her a nod.

NURSE

I think she's had enough for today.
She needs her rest.

Stunned, Rebecca holds her gaze at the pair then turns back to Eliza as she slowly slips back into dream land.

INT. MAJOR CRIMES SECTION - DAY

Brandon sits in a small desk chair next to a row of larger desks with volumes of three-ring binder bookshelves. He is staring off into space, with the occasional phone call and passerby breaking his trance.

The desks are stacked with black file folders, small awards and the typical porcelain pig in a cop's uniform eating a donut.

Brandon is brought back to earth by his vibrating cell phone. JAMES ACKERMAN as he reads the caller ID "DAD".

JAMES ACKERMAN (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 Hey kiddo. Solve any cases yet?

BRANDON
 (forced chuckle)
 Hey pop. No, not yet. How are you?

JAMES ACKERMAN (V.O.)
 Better. They took me off the
 experimental pink shit. Thank
 Christ. Now they wanna go back to
 chemo.
 (beat)
 And surgery.

BRANDON
Again? You want me to come down?

JAMES ACKERMAN (V.O.)
 Naw. You need to work on your
 school. But can I ask a favor?

BRANDON
 Anything, pop.

JAMES ACKERMAN (V.O.)
 I need you to go into my gun safe
 and get my will.

BRANDON
 Dad, you're not gonna die.

JAMES ACKERMAN (V.O.)
 Don't start with me. Okay? There is
 a safety deposit box key there too,
 for the Wells on Devonshire. Just
 in case.

Brandon pulls away his phone to choke back his tears.

JAMES ACKERMAN (V.O.)
 Just do this for me? Please? I'll
 text you the combo.

INT. ACKERMAN CONDO - OFFICE - NIGHT

Brandon sits down at his father's large desk with several
 computer screens, side by side. A typical retired cop's
 office filled with awards, group cop photos, newspaper
 clippings and paintings.

The house is empty and quiet. Taking a deep breath, he walks over to his father's closet and opens the door; revealing a large GUN SAFE.

Brandon glances at his phone and spins the lock. The safe opens. Several guns and pistols line the box. He sees the smaller metal box on the top shelf.

Brandon pulls down the box.

Brandon opens the box which contains gold, silver a few coins and documents. He folds open the papers: "Last Will and Testament" and briefly glances at it.

Brandon bounces back up when a BLACK BINDER marked "Capital Hill Notes" catches his eye. He looks at it for a beat, then grabs it.

He sits back at the desk and opens it to the first tab.

INSERT:

HIT & RUN Oct. 5th, 1991. VICTIM: JENNIFER STYLES. AGE: 16.

"V: was walking along 1500 BLOCK PAC HWY S. Struck by unknown veh traveling north."

"V: well known in the area as a prostitute described an encounter with an UNKN W/M in a Ford P/U with same MO as Capital Hill Killer prior to assault. No Witn. Need F/U statement from (V) Styles at Harborview Med Ctr."

Brandon flips through the binder.

He opens the tab marked "Capital Hill Master Case File - Yarbough" and opens it to "Oct 91". He finds a tab marked "JENNIFER STYLES" and opens it.

Brandon finds a recent handwritten note: "Jennifer S. LKA: 1210 Cedar Creek Rd. Centralia LAST LIVING WITNESS!!"

INT. OLYMPIC MEDICAL CENTER - ELIZA'S ROOM - MORNING

Rebecca enters Eliza's hospital room with a stuffed bear and art supplies.

Eliza turns and lights up when Rebecca enters wearing a grin.

REBECCA

Hey, sweetie. Looks like you're doing a lot better.

Rebecca sits next to the bed. Eliza smiles and goes back to drawing her FARM.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
What is this, honey? Is this home?

Eliza gives a slight nod and continues drawing.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Who are these people? Are they your family?

Rebecca sees the drawing is of a BARN with several long buildings and a bunch of children with a CHURCH in the center.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Do you want to go home?

Eliza's demeanor changes on a dime and begins to draw a LARGE WOMAN with long hair. Angry.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Who is this?

Eliza's effort begins to waver as she wipes tears away.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Is it ok if I take a few of these home with me?

Eliza nods again and tries to talk, but can't, as her mouth distorts her speech. Rebecca can feel her tears welling up.

A doctor in a lab coat pokes his head through the door.

DR. FRANCHER
Agent Grayson. I'm Doctor Francher.
Do you have a minute?

Rebecca gives Eliza a squeeze and walks outside.

INT. OLYMPIC MEDICAL CENTER - HALLWAY - MORNING

DR. EDMUND FRANCHER, a tall, thin, and graying man of 60 years, extends a handshake to Rebecca. They both step away from Eliza's door to chat privately.

REBECCA
Are you the one that called us?

DR. FRANCHER
One of my nurses did, yes.

REBECCA

What's wrong with her speech?

DR. FRANCHER

We don't know. We are doing a few more tests this afternoon.

(beat)

But that's not what I want to talk about.

Rebecca crosses her arms and listens for the bad news.

DR. FRANCHER (CONT'D)

I know you're trying to find her family and we appreciate it, but we need to make a better effort to scale down the visitors.

REBECCA

What visitors? It's just me and why the guard?

DR. FRANCHER

It was my understanding you folks were doing interviews well into the night.

REBECCA

What folks? Who are you talking about? It's only me here from the NCMEC.

DR. FRANCHER

You didn't order psych tests?

REBECCA

NO! Are these people taking her drawings?

DR. FRANCHER

That is my understanding.

Rebecca looks down at Eliza's drawing still in her hand. She looks inquisitively at the BIG BLACK BARN in the picture's center.

REBECCA

Listen, I have to head back to Seattle this afternoon. Here's my card.

Rebecca hands Dr. Francher her card.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Can you call me if another mystery
guest wants to talk to her? Okay?

INT. MAJOR CRIMES SECTION - ROLL CALL - MORNING

Brandon stands in the back of a conference room and listens to the detectives meeting. CAPT. DARRELL RICHMOND, late 50's and tall stands at the head of the room at the podium.

CAPT. RICHMOND
One more thing, we need a rep to
attend the symposium for missing
kids put on by the FBI.

DETECTIVE GUNDERSON
Where?

CAPT. RICHMOND
Mann Hall, University of Washington
main campus.

DETECTIVE GRAY
(cat call)
Oh shit. Don't worry, gents.
Gunny's got this.

The room fills with side-bar chatter and laughter.

CAPT. RICHMOND
Knock it off.

BRANDON
I can attend.

All eyes turn to the back of the room. Curious.

CAPT. RICHMOND
Perfect job for an intern.

DETECTIVE GUNDERSON
(scoff)
Fruit don't fall far from the tree.

CAPT. RICHMOND
Thank you. Moving on.

Mendoza holds his gaze at Brandon when all others turn forward. Brandon notices and shrugs.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Agent Rebecca Grayson stands confidently at the lectern of Mann Hall. A large projection screen of colorful graphs are shown behind her.

REBECCA
Next slide please.

Rebecca stands in front of a missing children statistics slide.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
A child goes missing every 40 seconds in America today. That's over 760,000 children a year; about the population of Jacksonville Florida.

She glances down and shuffles her notes.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Next slide.

She looks up at the audience.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
But that number is dropping thanks to the center and it's partnership with the FBI and the local jurisdictions.
(beat)
When you compare the number of cases received by the NCMEC handles each year against the number of children found, the recovery rate is 97 percent and climbing!

The lecture hall erupts in applause with a few audience members standing up. Brandon enters the auditorium's upper exit door using the applause to cover his late entry. He has a backpack slung over his shoulder. Brandon spots his best friend, JUSTIN VANCE, a 20-year-old ginger with an attitude in khaki shorts sitting in the audience. Brandon slinks down to the open seat next to Justin.

BRANDON
Hey man, what did I miss?

JUSTIN
(angry)
What the fuck dude? This is your gig.

Brandon squeezes into the chair next to Justin.

BRANDON
 (looking up)
 Holy shit! Who's that? She's
 smokin'.
 (chuckles)
 How do I get into the FBI?

Brandon sits back and watches Agent Grayson, while Justin contemplates a response.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
 She's from the FBI right?

The slide presentation flips at a photo of Ronald Reagan.

REBECCA
 It was President Ronald Reagan who said if this is going to work, it needs to be a private organization working in partnership with the government. So, on June 13th, 1984, the president announced the opening of the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children.

Brandon listens for a little bit, then turns to Justin.

BRANDON
 (smiling)
 Hey, I betcha I could get her.

JUSTIN
 Who, her? No fuckin' way man. She's not a college girl. She's a real woman and a cop no less.

A security guard walks from the back of the room.

SECURITY GUARD
 Excuse me gentleman. Conversations can be taken outside.

BRANDON
 Yeah, sorry.

Brandon watches the guard walk back up the aisle.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
 (whisper)
 How much?

JUSTIN
(not looking up)
Save your money dude. You're good,
but not that good.

Agent Grayson turns to her notes.

REBECCA
Next slide please.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
27 years later, the center
continues to evolve. With advances
in DNA mapping and social media,
the action and recovery efforts of
the center have been trimmed down
from months to days.
(beat)
Next slide.

Rebecca notices the conversation in the back of the lecture
hall and the security guard. Irritated.

Rebecca does not notice the out-of-place MAN in his mid-40s,
greasy hair and a heavy growth of facial hair sitting in the
back of the hall, dissecting her with his eyes.

BRANDON
How much?

JUSTIN
How much what?

BRANDON
How much would you bet me?

Brandon continues to stare at Justin with a grin. Justin
looks down at his phone.

JUSTIN
(to Brandon)
Pic of her actual face and bush. No
crop and no filters.

BRANDON
Face and bush, No problem. How
much?

JUSTIN
(deep breath)
Hundred bucks.

BRANDON
Done.

Two more security guards walk from the back of the room.

SECURITY GUARD
Gentleman. I gotta ask you both to
leave.

JUSTIN
Thank fucking god.

BRANDON
(snickering)
Come on man, it was just getting
good.

The bigger guard beacons the boys out of their seats as Justin gathers his stuff.

Rebecca's attention is back towards the security guards and the disruption. Irritated again.

The greasy man on the other side of the hall turns and makes a quick exit. Rebecca's gaze turns to the back of the man as he walks out of the hall.

INT. LECTURE HALL - MID DAY

Brandon stands in the lecture hall foyer watching the students gather around Agent Grayson pelting her with questions.

The crowd moves along as Grayson makes her way to the exit door.

BRANDON
Agent Grayson?

REBECCA
Yes?

BRANDON
Can I call you Rebecca?

REBECCA
No.
(attitude)
How can I help you?

BRANDON

My name is Brandon and I'm a Criminology student and I wanted your thoughts on how I should approach my internship with the Special Crimes Unit within the Seattle Police?

(beat)

Do you have a sec?

Grayson's eyes perked up and her head cocked slightly in judgment.

REBECCA

Sure, walk with me.

BRANDON

I started my internship and I wanted to ask you for advice.

REBECCA

Advice huh.

EXT. LECTURE HALL - MID MORNING

Brandon and Rebecca push through the double glass doors leading to the college courtyard and into the crisp October air.

REBECCA

The answer is always with the victim in every sex crimes case. You just have to get past the trauma, or the remains.

BRANDON

OK.

REBECCA

When I say answer, it doesn't mean blame. It means a solution, finding the guy who did it.

INT. LECTURE HALL - MID MORNING

Justin looks out from the foyer into the campus common area and smiles.

JUSTIN

This guy's a fuckin master.

CUT BACK:

EXT. LECTURE HALL - MID DAY - CONTINUOUS

REBECCA

There is always a key and a common tread. One just has to open the mind and think outside the common assumptions. If you can do that, you will be successful in any investigative unit.

BRANDON

As a part of my program, I have to engage and assist an outside agency. I didn't know if you would be open to adopting a college kid for the summer, for research, interviewing folks or whatever.

REBECCA

(smiling)

You wanna be my intern?

BRANDON

No. I just need contacts within the FBI.

REBECCA

Look. Brandon is it?

Brandon nods along.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I don't take on interns, but on the FBI website, I'm sure you can find an advisor there. Okay?

Rebecca looks at her phone and speeds her walk in a hurried fashion. Brandon slows and Rebecca gets distance between them.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Good luck on the internship!

BRANDON

(yelling)

What do you know about Russian sex trafficking in the US?

Rebecca stops in her tracks and looks back.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You know the government is in on it. Right?

Rebecca looks at Brandon for a long moment.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE TAVERN - MORNING

Brandon and Agent Grayson sit at a small table in the back of a local tavern. It's a perfect mix of 90s coffee shop with a dash of 80s biker bar; where the local kids can walk on the wild side without actually getting their feet wet.

SHAMUS, a late 40s, Irish barkeep approaches with two large coffee mugs as the pair chats. Rebecca turns Shamus.

REBECCA

Splenda?

Shamus nods and turns back to the bar.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Okay. You got 10 minutes. Why am I sitting here?

BRANDON

Well, the department asked...

REBECCA

No, why are we talking? You said you had something. What is it?

BRANDON

Okay, here goes. My dad is under some serious treatment for kidney cancer. Long story.

Rebecca nods along impatiently.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Anyways, and asked me to go into his safe for something.

REBECCA

Okay?

Brandon leans in intently as he sips his coffee.

BRANDON

I found something that I don't think he intended on anyone finding.

REBECCA

Let me stop you right there. If
it's kiddie porn...

BRANDON

(whisper)

No, no, it's not that. He's a
detective. Retired detective, and I
think he was moonlighting an
investigation into the Russian mob.

Shamus passes by and drops to Splenda packets on the table.
He smiles at Rebecca. She returns the gesture with an
uncomfortable, but pleasant glance.

REBECCA

You wouldn't believe the massive
networks of pimps and sex trade
workers throughout the world,
including the United States.

(beat)

It's more common than you think.

Rebecca shakes her packets and pours one into her mug.

BRANDON

Yes, but my dad thinks it's so deep
in the US, they are buying off
politicians, local officials and
the cops. Then, they're like
setting up shop here. Buying land,
having families and making a shit
ton of money doing it.

Rebecca stirs her coffee with a spoon.

REBECCA

So what's in the stuff your dad was
working on?

(beat)

By the way, what's your last name?

BRANDON

Ackerman.

PING. Rebecca's spoon drops on the table.

REBECCA

(surprise)

Wait, your dad is Jimmy Ackerman?

BRANDON

Yeah, you know him?

REBECCA

You could say that. He spoke at a profiling seminar in Quanico.

(beat)

Holy shit.

BRANDON

Yeah, so anyways...

Brandon reaches down and pulls out a BLACK BINDER from his backpack marked "Capital Hill." Rebecca is startled and looks around.

REBECCA

You brought it here?

BRANDON

Yeah, why not?

Brandon takes a sip of his coffee, almost burying his face in the huge mug, then plops down the thick BINDER on the table.

REBECCA

So, why is a frat kid like yourself interested in sex crimes?

BRANDON

Honestly?

REBECCA

(attitude)

No, lie to me.

BRANDON

It's really important to my dad. I wanna make sure if this is something, he's still around to fill in the holes.

Rebecca stares at Brandon in a broken smile.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

My dad worked for 30 years as a detective. I can't let this or his legacy die with him.

She raises her coffee to take a sip.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

That, and I need a boost to my GPA.

Brandon pushes the BINDER to Rebecca. She opens it.

INSERT: CIA SATELLITE PHOTOS & INTEL REPORTS OF WA STATE.

REBECCA

Holy shit. Where again did your dad say he got these?

BRANDON

He didn't. He doesn't know I'm talking to you.

Rebecca stares at him for a beat, then flips to a page with codes and phases.

INSERT: DARK WEB CODES AND HANDWRITTEN PHASES.

REBECCA

What are these?

BRANDON

That's the thing. I don't know. That's why I need help.

Rebecca turns the binder to the side to look at the long list of codes.

REBECCA

Can I get a picture of this?

Rebecca picks up her purse and gets her cell phone.

BRANDON

Sure. I can't do anything with it.

(beat)

If I can get your cell number, I could snap the whole thing if you want.

REBECCA

(scoffs)

Settle down.

BRANDON

You will you let me know if it is something right?

Rebecca gets up and snaps a few more photos. She puts her phone back in her purse.

REBECCA

I'll have the code guys at Langley take a look and see if Jimmy's on to something. If so, I'll let you know.

Brandon stands by the table and watches Rebecca gather her belongings.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I've got case I need to get back
to. Scan the rest of this to me.
Okay?

BRANDON
Sure! Okay.

Rebecca stands up and pulls out her card wallet.

REBECCA
Here's my card. Say "Hi" to your
dad for me.

Rebecca turns over her shoulder as she leaves.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Thanks for the coffee.

Shamus walks up from behind and hands Brandon the bill.

SHAMUS
You almost had her.
(chuckling)

Brandon watches the door close. He stuffs the binder back into his bag and slings it over his shoulder.

Brandon opens the door just as the same greasy MAN from the lecture enters the doorway. They slam shoulders at the door.

BRANDON
Hey man. What the fuck?

The greasy man stops and locks eyes in a long close stare with Brandon. Brandon creeps out and turns to the door while the greasy man watches him leave with a laser beam stare.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. SEATTLE MAJOR CRIMES - MORNING

Brandon buzzes through the Major Crimes door and walks down the hall. Book bag slung over his shoulder in a cheap white dress shirt and hand-me-down tie from his old man.

The detective desks are spread throughout the basement, stacked high with folders, trinkets and trays.

Detective Mendoza is chatting with Detective Gunderson and Detective Gray gathered around a desk.

BRANDON

Mendoza? Can I talk to you for a minute.

MENDOZA

Look at this guy? What are you my fuckin' boss?

BRANDON

Sorry, Detective. Can I speak with you?

MENDOZA

(chuckling)

Yeah. In a minute. I'm doing important cop shit.

(turns to group)

So anyways...

Brandon takes the hint. He wanders over to the cold case locker, drops his bag and sits. He grabs his dad's folder out of his bag and drops it on the desk. He's just about to open it, when Mendoza interrupts.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)

(attitude)

Okay, what?

Brandon tries his best to hide his surprise and lets go of the folder.

BRANDON

I have an assignment.

MENDOZA

What?

BRANDON

I need to interview a witness or somebody non-cop involved in a case.

MENDOZA

(smirks)

You want to interview a witness?

BRANDON

I thought about a witness from the Capital Hill case file.

MENDOZA

Who?

Brandon opens his dad's small black binder and reads the name.

BRANDON

A Jennifer Styles?

MENDOZA

I don't know that name.

Mendoza leans over and looks at the small binder Brandon is reading.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)

What's that?

BRANDON

It's from my dad's notes. When he was writing his book.

MENDOZA

Sure.

Mendoza was about to walk away, then turns back to Brandon.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)

Hey man, don't interrupt me again.

(beat)

I'm not your bitch.

INT. MAJOR CRIMES SECTION - DAY

Detective Mendoza and several others are walking out of the briefing room, with coffee in hand. CAPT. DARRELL RICHMOND, late 50's and very tall stops Mendoza in the hallway.

CAPT. RICHMOND
How's Ackerman junior doing?

MENDOZA
Good kid. Just cocky as fuck.

CAPT. RICHMOND
(smiles)
Yeah, I wonder where he gets that.

Richmond pulls Mendoza aside from the crowd.

CAPT. RICHMOND (CONT'D)
Hey, I did want to thank you for taking him on. I know it's an ass-pain.

MENDOZA
Anything for you chief.

CAPT. RICHMOND
Thanks.

Mendoza is just about to turn when Richmond holds him up.

CAPT. RICHMOND (CONT'D)
Oh, some of the guys mentioned Brandon is working some of his dad's old case files?

MENDOZA
No. Just an interview for his internship.

CAPT. RICHMOND
Can I ask who?

MENDOZA
Some witness, a Jennifer... Styles? I think?

Richmond stares at Mendoza for longer than needed.

MENDOZA (CONT'D)
Is that a problem?

CAPT. RICHMOND
No. Not at all. But do keep me posted on his projects and interviews in the future ok?

MENDOZA
You got it chief.

CAPT. RICHMOND

We don't want junior getting in over his head. I promised his old man, I'd watch out for him.

MENDOZA

I get it.

Richmond slaps Mendoza on the back.

CAPT. RICHMOND

Good.

Mendoza watches Richmond turn and walk down the hall. Odd.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Rebecca sits on the hotel bed with her legs crossed scanning satellite images of Highway 101 on her laptop. Deep woods and no civilization for miles. Nothing.

Rebecca grabs her cell phone and dials.

REBECCA

Hey partner. I don't know where to go from here.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Where you at?

REBECCA

Sackah? Stackah? I don't know. Some podunk-fuck town outside Forks. There's miles of nothing out here and the local PD ain't worth shit.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Let me guess, you're sitting in front of your laptop?

REBECCA

Yes.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

That's your first mistake. Go the FUCK outside! Canvassing? Or were you sick that day in FBI school?

REBECCA

I know, but what am I looking for? It's all woods.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Go out to the scene and work
backward.

REBECCA
Should I call a tracker and dogs?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Fuck that! Get your ass into the
field. Use your spidey senses and
work backward. Get dirty if you
have to. Something will turn up.

INT. OLYMPIC MEDICAL CENTER - ELIZA'S ROOM - MORNING

Rebecca checks into the nurses station and walks toward
Eliza's room. A heavysset hospital guard is posted at the
door.

GUARD
Excuse me ma'am.

REBECCA
I'm sorry, when did they start
posting a guard?

GUARD
Too many folks coming in and outta
here. I.D.?

REBECCA
(pulling out badge)
Yeah. Here.

GUARD
Please sign in.

Rebecca enters the room and Eliza is drawing again. Eliza
sees Rebecca enter and lights up with a smile.

REBECCA
Hey sweetie. How are you feeling?

Rebecca sits next to the bed and rubs her head.

ELIZA
Good. Look.

Eliza shows Rebecca another drawing. A black barn.

REBECCA
Can you help me?

Eliza keeps drawing and nods her head.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Can you think hard? What was the
last thing you remember? Think.

Eliza stops and looks away exposing the red scabs on the side
of her head.

ELIZA
I remember woods and then a road.

Rebecca pulls out a road map and shows it to Eliza.

REBECCA
Can you point to it? Do you know
where you are?

Eliza studies the map like she has never seen this before.

ELIZA
What is it?

REBECCA
It's a map. Can you show me where
you live?

ELIZA
I don't know.

Rebecca looks at the map then back to Eliza, puzzled.

REBECCA
Can you read?

ELIZA
Writing?

REBECCA
No, reading. Can you read?

Eliza shakes her head like that was the dumbest thing she had
ever heard.

Rebecca sits back in shock.

Just as Rebecca leans in to ask another question. Dr.
Francher walks in. Impatient.

DR. FRANCHER
Excuse me. Who let you in here?

REBECCA
Doctor. You know who I am.

Rebecca stands up and stuffs her map and Eliza's drawings into her purse.

DR. FRANCHER
Security! Nurse!

Rebecca shakes her head in confusion.

REBECCA
What? I'm investigating a crime.
What the fuck is going on?

Dr. Francher leans in to grab Rebecca in a fake struggle. He whispers close into Rebecca's ear.

DR. FRANCHER
(whispering)
Get out of here. Now.

Dr. Francher leans back quickly and turns towards the door.

DR. FRANCHER (CONT'D)
You need to talk to the
authorities. Security!

The heavysset guard from outside enters the room and gestures at Rebecca to leave. Rebecca is stunned, eyes wide as she stares at the doctor.

REBECCA
I AM the authorities! God damn it!

DR. FRANCHER
Miss. Do not blaspheme in these
halls!

Rebecca is escorted into the hall. Rebecca looks back at Eliza to see a look of utter desperation and mild terror as she disappears from view.

EXT. SACKAH MUNICIPAL POLICE STATION - MORNING

Rebecca's rental pulls up to the public entrance of the City of Sackah police station. She slams the car door and is met by Deputy James.

DEPUTY JAMES
Where are you headed in a huff?

REBECCA
What the fuck is going on! She is
my witness and you guys got her on
lock down! Why?

Rebecca tries to push past the deputy on her way to the chief's office.

DEPUTY JAMES
Now just hold on.

Rebecca shrugs him off.

DEPUTY JAMES (CONT'D)
He's not in there.

REBECCA
Then where the fuck is he?

DEPUTY JAMES
On leave.

REBECCA
Are you kidding me?!

DEPUTY JAMES
No.

REBECCA
Okay then. Do I need a warrant? Or should I just call a fuck-ton of agents down on this shitty little town?

DEPUTY JAMES
It won't help. I think they are gonna move her.

REBECCA
Where?

DEPUTY JAMES
I don't know. Maybe foster care. Who knows.

REBECCA
And who the fuck got to Francher? You?

DEPUTY JAMES
Listen, you've gotta calm down. The sheriff wants to report you and get you fired off the case.

Rebecca leans into his face.

REBECCA
Then report me god damn it.

DEPUTY JAMES

What if I could help you? You know, work within the system. But don't start a war with Billis. Trust me.

Rebecca looks hard at James, then goes back to her car and opens the door.

REBECCA

You know this is bullshit and something is very wrong here.

DEPUTY JAMES

Can I be honest with you?

Rebecca looks at him with contempt and irritation.

Deputy James takes a deep breath and waits a beat to think long and hard.

DEPUTY JAMES (CONT'D)

Agent Grayson, the girl is alive, safe and healthy. She'll go to a good foster home as soon as she gets well.

REBECCA

Bullshit! She was abused and nearly left for dead on a fucking road and I'm just supposed to chalk it up as a lost hiker?

DEPUTY JAMES

Yes. It's a municipal problem. Not yours. Let Billis handle it.

Rebecca slams the car door and starts the ignition. Deputy James walks to the open car door window.

DEPUTY JAMES (CONT'D)

You need to let this one go.

REBECCA

Something stinks so fucking bad here it makes me sick.

EXT. ROADWAY - DAY

Rebecca's rental pulls to the side of the wet roadway after a morning rain. She gets out and looks around for clues. She sees the tire dugout where the Harts crashed their car.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Viewing a satellite map of the surrounding woods on her laptop, she clicks on a farmhouse. The address displays on the screen.

EXT. SPRADLING RANCH - DAY

Rebecca's RENTAL CAR pulls into a rural farm driveway; the gravel popping under its tires. The car passes a mailbox marked "Spradling Ranch."

Rebecca gets out and walks up to the farmhouse steps. She knocks on the door. No answer. She waits a beat then walks back towards the car. She hears a saw blade running in the shop behind the house.

Rebecca walks back down the steps and over to the shop. She knocks on the metal door of the shop.

REBECCA

Hello?

HAYWARD

Yeah?

REBECCA

Morning. My name is Agent Grayson. I'm with the Center of Missing and Exploited Children. Do you have a moment?

Hayward flips up his goggles and pulls off his gloves.

HAYWARD

What can I do ya for miss?

REBECCA

Have you ever seen this girl?

Rebecca brings out a printed photo of Eliza's face in the hospital bed. Hayward looks over his glasses then back at her.

HAYWARD

Nope.

REBECCA

How about any lost kids wandering the woods?

HAYWARD

What's this about?

REBECCA

Can you tell me if anything unusual
has happened around here recently?

HAYWARD

(chuckles)

What, like aliens or somethin'?

REBECCA

No. Not that, just anything.

HAYWARD

Can't say that I have.

Rebecca puts the photo back in her pocket and walks back out
of the shop. Hayward follows. He looks at her car.

HAYWARD (CONT'D)

That your rig?

REBECCA

The car? Yes. It's a rental from
the airport.

Hayward nods in approval.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Why?

HAYWARD

It's the same cars that race up and
down this here road about once
every three months is all. I
thought you were one of em.

Rebecca examines Hayward.

HAYWARD (CONT'D)

Nearly killed one of my cattle a
couple years ago. I called the
constable. He don't do shit.

REBECCA

Where were they headed?

Hayward points up towards the tall mountains of the Olympic
National Forest. Far up the country road.

HAYWARD

Over yonder... somewhere's.

REBECCA

What's up there?

HAYWARD

Beats me. But, if you find 'em cock suckers, you let me know.

Rebecca looks up the road, and towards the mountain beyond.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANDONS TRUCK - DAY

Brandon and Justin are bombing down Interstate 5 in a low mist with the windshield wipers streaking in rhythm. A moment of silence passes.

JUSTIN

Okay. So, what are we really doing? I mean, don't get me wrong. I got your back and all, but am I gun-in up or lube-in up?

BRANDON

Do I have your word, this doesn't leave the truck?

JUSTIN

Word.

BRANDON

OK, I was going through these unsolved files for my case study and I came across this witness. Jennifer.

JUSTIN

Okay?

BRANDON

Now, as far I can tell, she's the only living witness to what they think is a string of dead whores in the mid 90s and maybe the Capital Hill Killer.

JUSTIN

So?

BRANDON

So, the weird thing is they only interviewed her once and indicated there was a follow-up. But the follow-up was missing. No record.

JUSTIN
(looking away)
Oh my God!

BRANDON
I know right. It's like they don't
wanna know what she'll say.

Justin follows a billboard with his head as they pass.

JUSTIN
They have a five-acre pot shop
there! No shit.

BRANDON
Man, fuck you. This is my grade.

JUSTIN
(chuckling)
I'm listening, bro.
(beat)
So, we are gonna talk to the whore
today?

BRANDON
Ex-whore. I ran her name and she's
living in a home in Centralia as
far as I can tell.

JUSTIN
You ran her name? The fuck, you a
cop now?

BRANDON
God damn man! Can you just for once
back my play?

JUSTIN
No worries bro. So, is this your
assignment? Crack a case or
somethin'?

BRANDON
Well, yeah. Why didn't the cops
want her story? That's what I'm
gonna ask her. If she's still
there.

JUSTIN
Sweet. So, can I pretend I'm a
dick?

BRANDON
I don't care dude, just don't
embarrass me.

INT. BRANDON'S TRUCK - DAY

Brandon's truck lumbers to a slow and squeaky stop in front of Jennifer Styles' adult care home.

Brandon and Justin are staring at a rustic farm house marked 1210 on the pillar.

JUSTIN
So what do I say?

BRANDON
Don't say shit. Let me do the
talking, Okay?

JUSTIN
Well, who am I?

BRANDON
Dude, the less you say, the better.
Just go with it.

Both boys pop the doors of the pick up with a SQUEAK and POP and step into the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - PARKED TRUCK - DAY

An unknown hand, clad in black latex gloves, twists the steering wheel of a pick up truck.

MAN'S POV: He watches from some distance away, the boys cross the street towards the front steps of 1210 Cedar Creek Rd.

BACK TO:

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE -DAY

Brandon and Justin start up the steps towards the house. Brandon sees the handicap ramp to the right, running along the side of the house towards the driveway.

Brandon rings the door bell. They wait.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE -DAY

GRACE FLEMING, an early 60s caregiver, dressed in pink scrubs, opens the door.

GRACE

Hello?

BRANDON

Good morning, my name is Brandon from the Seattle Police Records Department. Are you Jennifer?

GRACE

No. My name is Grace. I'm Jennifer's care giver. What can I help you with.

BRANDON

I called last week regarding a cold case file we wanted to close and had some routine follow-up questions.

GRACE

May I ask with whom you spoke?

BRANDON

I talked with Jennifer Styles.

GRACE

Interesting. Okay, well come in gentleman.

Grace swings the door wide, as Brandon turns to Justin with a quick and beckoning wave.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM -DAY

The interior resembles more of an adult care facility than a family home; complete with metal handrails, wooden ramps and low switches.

GRACE

Gentleman, could you wait here for a moment? I'll go and get her. She's just finishing her bath.

Grace turns to walk down the hallway as Justin whispers to Brandon.

JUSTIN
(whispers)
Let me borrow your phone.

BRANDON
What's wrong with your phone?

JUSTIN
You get better service. I wanna see
when the pot shop closes.

BRANDON
Man, why can't you just be an adult
for once.

Brandon unlocks his cell and hands it to Justin.

Seconds later, the hum of an electric wheel chair fills the
hall as a heavy-set woman with blond hair, still wet for her
morning bath, turns the corner.

JENNIFER
Who are you?

BRANDON
My name is Brandon. We spoke on the
phone last week about a case I'm
working on.

JENNIFER
Oh, Yeah. I remember.

Brandon flips thought his notebook.

BRANDON
You were listed as a witness to a
series of unsolved murders of
prostitutes in the 90s. Do you
remember talking to the police back
then?

JENNIFER
Talking? I was fucking run over by
one.

BRANDON
I'm sorry?

JENNIFER
Yeah. I was hit by a cop car on Pac
Highway and Roosevelt in 91. It's
why I'm in this chair.

Brandon and Justin exchange glances.

BRANDON
So, what happened?

JENNIFER
They listed it as a hit and run,
but I know it was a cop car. They
denied it.

BRANDON
Who's they?

JENNIFER
The detectives working the case.
They tried talking me out of it.
Cover their ass from being sued.
But I knew.
(beat)
Fuckers. I knew.

BRANDON
Did you see the guy?

JENNIFER
No, just the cop lights.

BRANDON
What were you doing prior to
getting hit?

JENNIFER
I was just dropped off from a
really fucked up trick. Beat the
shit out of me for nothin'. I
thought he was gonna kill me. But I
guess the cops were gonna do that.

BRANDON
Did you report it?

JENNIFER
Naw. That shit happened all the
time. Beatin' on whores and shit.

Jennifer grabs for pack of cigarettes from a side pocket and
lights up.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
(lit cigarette)
There was some'in weird about it
though. I couldn't wrap my brain
around it at the time.

JUSTIN
What's that?

Brandon turns to Justin, bemused in his newfound interest, then turns back.

Jennifer takes a long drag, blows it above her head then closes her eyes. The boys have her full attention.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - BACK DOOR - DAY

A hooded mid 30's man dressed like a transient in dirty, dark clothes, and black latex gloves walks across the back yard of the adult care home. He casually walks up the back steps and grips the knob. The lock of the back door pops and the man eases the door open.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brandon and Justin are sitting on a ratty couch in the living room, across from Jennifer.

JENNIFER
So, I wanted to know if he was a cop and he was weird about it. Not like he was there to get off. More like... business.

BRANDON
Okay.

JENNIFER
So, he started to ask me weird shit about my family. Did I have kids and where were they, blah, blah, blah.

BRANDON
Do you?

JENNIFER
No, and that was the same thing I told him.
(beat)
Then he lost his shit. Beat'n on me and shit.

BRANDON
For no reason?

Jennifer searches her brain for the right words and then it hits her.

JENNIFER

(eyes closed again)

No. It was when he asked why I couldn't have kids.

BRANDON

Couldn't have kids?

JENNIFER

Yeah and he got all fuckin' pissed. I didn't know if he was gonna kill me or what.

JUSTIN

How did you escape?

JENNIFER

Opened the door and jumped the fuck out before he could do anything.

(beat)

That's when I got hit by the cop car.

BRANDON

So, what did the cops say when they talked to you?

JENNIFER

Nothin'. They kept asking about the fucking cop car. I told them I was getting a lawyer and they left me alone.

BRANDON

Do you remember the cop?

JENNIFER

No. Not really.

Jennifer turns her gaze to the ceiling to think.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Wait. Yeah, some guy named Ackerland or... Ackerman?

Brandon froze and Justin snaps his gaze to his best friend.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I don't know. I never heard from him or the cops again.

(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

But, I got a call from the state when I was in the hospital and got me full-time care and disability. So, I don't work no more which is cool with me.

BRANDON

No one's talked to you since?

Jennifer takes a long second to look at Brandon.

JENNIFER

Hey, I feel like we've met before or something. You guys look familiar.

JUSTIN

No ma'am.

Jennifer looks at both boys suspicious now.

JENNIFER

You guys look old enough to be my kids.

BRANDON

Well, I appreciate your time ma'am.

Brandon grabs Justin to make a quick exit pretending not to hear any more questions.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

We've gotta get going.

Jennifer makes a slight effort to escort them to the door. Suspicious all the while.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You have a good day ma'am.

JENNIFER

Sure.

Jennifer sits quietly in the living room, takes a drag off her smoke and sinks deep into thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Jennifer can see the boys through the distorted stained glass front door as they walk down the steps.

Jennifer moves towards the front door and struggles with the knob. The door opens and she wheels through towards the enclosed porch of the adult home.

Jennifer looks out at the 70s FORD TRUCK. It looks awfully familiar. Alarmed, she moves farther towards the edge of the porch to get a better look.

Jennifer hears that familiar SQUEAK and POP of the truck doors as Justin opens the door. Her eyes get wide with shock and terror as Brandon and Justin jump into the truck that destroyed her life.

The man's shadow silently approaches from the rear of Jennifer as she sobs. The body of Grace lies on the floor in the background.

A latex hand hits a red button at the back of the chair and skillfully pops the safety belt around Jennifer's waist.

JENNIFER
(hysterical and gestures)
That's the TRUCK! That fucking
TRUCK!

The man instantly wraps a BLACK CABLE around Jennifer's neck, then yanks her back, and out of her wheel chair.

Jennifer tries to scream while her hands claw at the cable. Her chair tips back against the door jam and her body is pulled through the doorway and back into the house.

The man's dark gray mass looms over her face as her body shivers. She is unable to move her legs, to kick her attacker away. URINE dribbles onto the wooden floor. Her struggling slows, then stops. Motionless.

The bodies of Grace and Jennifer are left sprawled on living room floor; as a fading shadow disappears down the hall.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

INT. REBECCA'S ROOM - NIGHT - DREAM

Little Rebecca, aged 5 years, wakes up to muffled sounds of adults yelling. Clad in princess pajamas, young Rebecca shuffles to the door of the mobile home she shares with her mother.

Little Rebecca follows the sounds of muffled screaming into the hall. THUD. She startles at the sound of a body being thrown against the wall. An older man opens the door, turns and winks at Rebecca.

CUT TO:

INT. REBECCA'S HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

Rebecca jolts awake. Lying in a hotel bed, she grabs her phone: 4:00 am.

She jumps in her rental car and tears out of the hotel lot.

INT. OLYMPIC HOSPITAL HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Rebecca trots down the urgent care hospital wing. A fat security guard sits guard outside Eliza's door. Their eyes meet with her badge in hand as the guard gets up.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm sorry, they asked me to not let anyone in 'til the doc comes back.

Rebecca pushes past the guard.

INT. ELIZA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Drawings of barns and woods fill the room. The art supplies are just about used up and several meals haven't been taken away.

Rebecca goes to Eliza in bed.

REBECCA

Hey sweetie? How are you feeling?

A groggy moan comes from Eliza in response. Eliza is buckled to the bed with restraints.

Rebecca checks the IV drip and the monitors.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Rebecca walks out of the room and looks around. No guard. She walks down the hallway to the nurses station. No nurse.

Rebecca walks to the elevator. She gets in and stares down the hallway waiting for the doors to close. Quiet.

The door to the fire escape slams open and a man enters the hallway. He WINKS at Rebecca in a split second just before the elevator door closes.

Rebecca instantly punches the OPEN button.

REBECCA
Come on! Come ON!

She punches the other floor buttons, but the car continues to move.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
What the FUCK! COME ON!

Rebecca starts to PANIC. Hitting every button on the panel.

PING. The elevator door opens to the lobby. Rebecca jumps out looking for the fire escape doors. She punches the door open and dashes up the stairs.

Rebecca jumps the stairs to the Urgent Care floor. She pounds the fire exit door open to an empty hall. No nurses and no guard.

Rebecca runs down the empty hospital hallway scanning every room along the way. She arrives and slowly turns the door handle to Eliza's room and enters.

INT. OLYMPIC HOSPITAL - ELIZA'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Same room and sleeping Eliza. But the IV has been pulled and the monitors are all turned off.

Rebecca pulls her .38 and scans the room. Her eyes as wide as saucers. Nothing but sleeping Eliza as Rebecca slowly enters.

Rebecca snaps her head around as she hears a sudden FLUSH! Someone is in the BATHROOM.

Rebecca picks up Eliza as she moans in response.

REBECCA
(whispers)
Come on sweetie, we gotta go.

More sounds from the bathroom as Rebecca holsters her weapon and hoists Eliza over her shoulder.

Rebecca stomps the bed lock of the hospital bed, and pulls the bed against the door, to barricade whomever is in bathroom. She starts unbuckling Eliza's restraints.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Rebecca shuffles down the hall with Eliza in a fireman's carry on her back.

SLAM from behind as the bathroom door is pounded against the out-of-place hospital bed. The man in the bathroom starts yelling in Russian.

Rebecca hits the elevator button, but the car is already on its way. She turns towards the fire escape door and kicks it open.

INT. HOSPITAL FIRE ESCAPE - EARLY MORNING

PING. The elevator sounds just as the fire escape door closes behind her. Rebecca turns on the landing and looks out of the door window. Two older guys exit the elevator and walk past speaking Russian. Still carrying Eliza, Rebecca runs down the stairs.

EXT. HOSPITAL LOADING RAMP - EARLY MORNING - FOGGY

Rebecca, with Eliza over her shoulder, squeezes through the side door of the loading ramp.

Running across the lot, Rebecca sees several white vans parked along the side of the building.

A man is smoking inside a white van with his arm hanging out. He sees the pair moving towards a parked car in the visitors lot and speaks Russian into his walkie-talkie. The brake lights engage, followed by the white reverse lights.

Rebecca lays Eliza in the passenger side of her rental car and buckles her in. Turns the ignition and tears out of the hospital parking lot.

INT. REBECCAS RENTAL CAR - EVENING

Rebecca drives through the wooded back county roads of Washington State. The passing cars light up the cab of the rental.

She grabs her phone and speed dials "Michael".

Michael's voice mail plays over speaker.

REBECCA
(to self)
What the fuck?

Rebecca scrolls through FBI contact numbers. The cab of the rental is flooded with headlights.

SLAM! Rebecca is showered with glass. The impact throws her car off the roadway, through a guard rail and down an embankment. A steady vehicle horn breaks the silence of the surrounding woods.

A heavy-duty pickup truck with a huge push bar pulls to the side the roadway and two men get out. They move to the sound of the horn and discover the mangled and smoking wreckage of Rebecca's car.

Rebecca's head lies unconscious on the steering wheel. Sparkled with cubes of auto glass. A hand reaches in and pulls her head back, releasing the horn. He cuts the seat belt which retracts with a "POP".

BILLY DAY, mid-30's greasy hair slicked back yanks Rebecca's body through the window as she regains consciousness. A hand slaps her face to wake her while a pen light shines into her eyes. JEFFERSON PLUNKET, a 23 year old hillbilly, delicately eases Eliza's unconscious body out of the back seat.

Rebecca struggles to regain consciousness as Billy holds her down, against the wrecked car. She is overcome by pain.

BILLY
You Grayson?

REBECCA
(groggy)
What the fuck man. Get out of my car.

BILLY
I'm not in your car you stupid cunt. Wake the fuck up!

Billy shakes her and slaps her again while Jefferson carries Eliza over his shoulder and up the steep embankment.

Billy grabs her throat and gets in her face.

Rebecca instinctively reaches for her side arm and fumbles through an empty holster.

BILLY (CONT'D)
That's right, bitch.

The man gets closer and spit showers her face through the glow of the headlights.

BILLY (CONT'D)
This is what happens when you take
a man's property!

Billy throws a swift punch into her already broken ribs. Rebecca shrieks.

BILLY (CONT'D)
We know where you live. Your whore
mother in DC and your nigger
partner in LA. We'll go after them
and leave you to bury 'em!

REBECCA
No, don't. Don't take her.

Rebecca winces again as the pain intensifies.

BILLY
You're NOT listening BITCH!

Two more swift blows sends Rebecca to the ground. Then a punch to face flattens her.

JEFFERSON
Come on man! We got her. Lets go.

Billy turns and yells up the embankment to Jefferson.

BILLY
Get down here!

Jefferson jumps over the guard rail and slides down the embankment.

Still breathing with her face in the grass, Billy pats Rebecca down looking for something. He pulls out her phone and examines the face. Billy grabs her right hand and presses a couple of her fingers again the phone. Click. He tosses her phone to Jefferson.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Reset the phone's password and get
in the fuckin' truck.

Billy reaches in his back and pulls out a large cattle prod. The high-pitched electrical sound of the device charging itself, fills the surrounding woods.

Billy shakes her awake.

BILLY (CONT'D)
See this cunt?

Just as Rebecca is able to turn her head to see Billy's eyes, he slams the prod into her head and pulls the trigger, knocking the lights out of Agent Rebecca Grayson.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Billy walks up the roadside embankment with the twisted guardrail in the distance. Jefferson stands next to the truck scrolling Rebecca's cell phone.

JEFFERSON
(hesitation)
Hey hoss.

BILLY
Yeah?

Jefferson pauses with wide eyes, staring at the cell phone screen.

BILLY (CONT'D)
(agitated)
What?

JEFFERSON
You gotta see this.

Jefferson shows the screen to Billy.

BILLY
(breathing heavily)
What the F...!

THE END